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DAREDEVIL

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

BRUBAKER
LARK
GAUDIANO
D'ARMATA

DIRECT EDITION

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$2.99 US $4.25 CAN

I know something is wrong that morning, because a silence spreads through the prison.

SHERIFF

POLICE

It starts at the transfer gate and then moves through the cell blocks, level by level...

No matter where they are, slowly all the convicts in Rykers stop what they're doing...

They stop yelling, they stop playing ball, they stop hurting each other...

They just stop.

But their pulses start racing.

ATTORNEY MATT MURDOCK WAS BLINDED AS A CHILD, BUT HIS OTHER FOUR SENSES FUNCTION WITH SUPERHUMAN SHARPNESS AND FORM A RADAR SENSE. WITH AMAZING FIGHTING SKILLS, HE STALKS THE STREETS AT NIGHT, IN RELENTLESS PURSUIT OF JUSTICE AS **DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!**

THE DEVIL IN CELL-BLOCK D

PART THREE

ED BRUBAKER	MICHAEL LARK & STEFANO GAUDIANO	FRANK D'ARMATA	VC'S CORY PETIT	AXEL ALONSO	WARREN SIMONS	JOE QUESADA	DAN BUCKLEY
WRITER	ARTISTS	COLORIST	LETTERER	CONSULTING EDITOR	EDITOR	EDITOR IN CHIEF	PUBLISHER

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It's so quiet I barely have to strain to hear C.O. Gruber laying down the law...

YOU WILL BE SERVED LIQUID FOOD, IN PLASTIC BAGS.

YOU WILL NOT BE GIVEN A STRAW, OR EVEN A *SPORK*.

...as the tremor in his voice betrays him.

IF AT ANY TIME YOU ATTEMPT TO CAUSE TROUBLE, OR TRY TO ESCAPE THIS CELL...

...VENTS WILL OPEN IN THE CEILING, FILLING THE ROOM WITH GAS, AND WHEN WE ARE SUFFICIENTLY SURE YOU ARE *UNCONSCIOUS*...

...I AND SEVERAL OF MY COLLEAGUES--

--A FEW OF WHO WATCHED YOU *SLAUGHTER* THEIR *FRIENDS* DURING YOUR LAST ESCAPE...

THESE MEN AND I WILL ENTER THIS ROOM AND FIRE BULLETS INTO YOUR HEAD UNTIL WE ARE 100 PERCENT CERTAIN THAT YOU ARE DEAD.

IS THAT UNDERSTOOD?

The whole prison, they're *all* scared. Even the guards...

...Because they can feel this place slipping further and further out of their control every day.

Slipping into the chaos that is the natural state of places filled with psychos and lunatics.

And I've been helping it down that path.

Pushing it along with broken bones...

...and bloody knuckles.

And now the guards are scared of **me**, too.

Even though when they're around, I'm the perfect picture of an innocent blind man.

The least-likely suspect in this recent wave of violence.

But a few of them try to stay on my good side, just in case.

YO, MURDOCK... IT'S--

C.O. SALAZAR. I RECOGNIZE YOUR COLOGNE.

UH, YEAH, SURE...SO, THAT GUY, McHENRY? WHO GOT HIS HEAD BUSTED THAT DAY HAMMERHEAD WENT AFTER YOU?

THOUGHT YOU MIGHT WANNA KNOW HE'S BACK ON DETAIL TODAY.

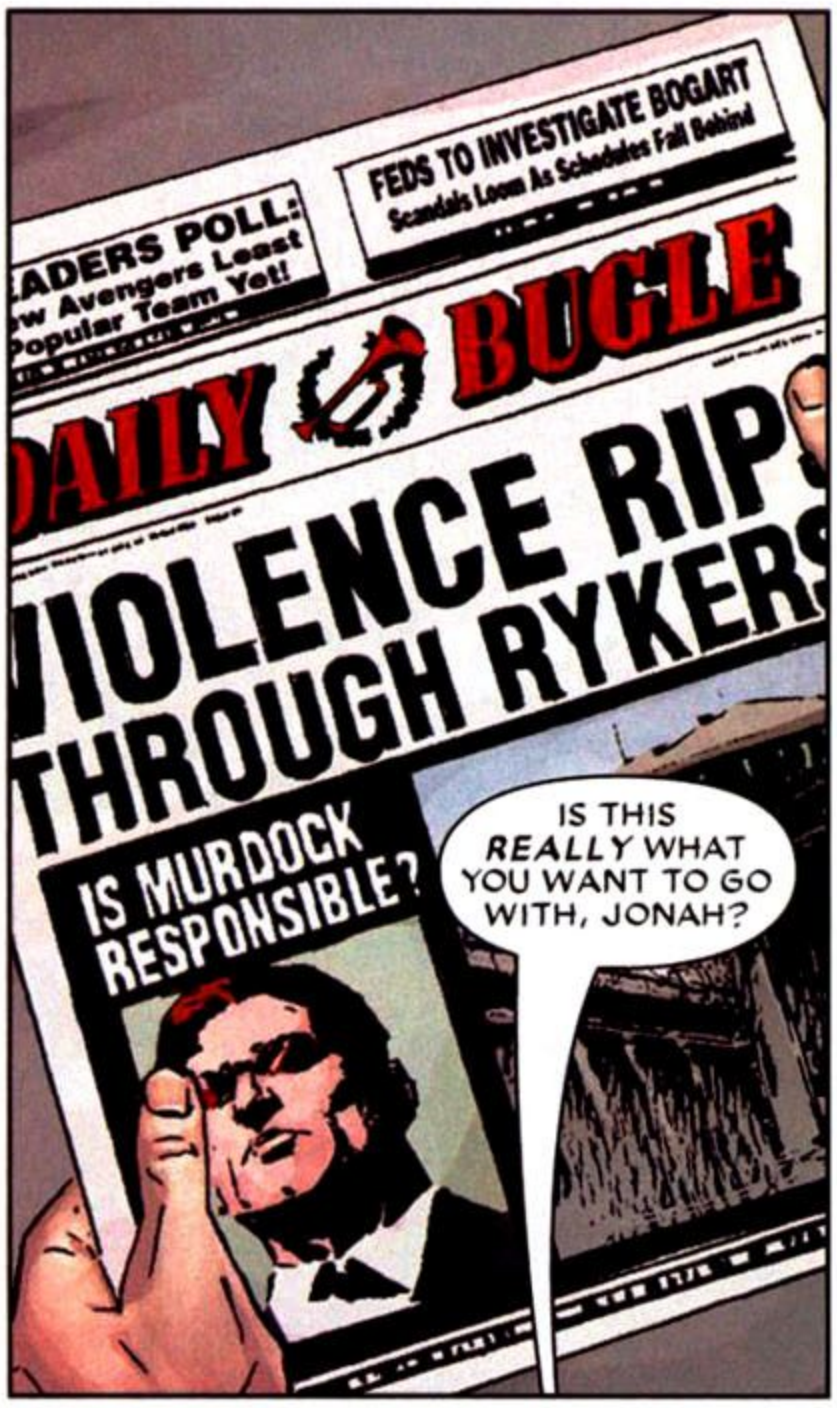
NOW, WHY WOULD I WANT TO KNOW ABOUT THAT, C.O. SALAZAR?

I JUST... UH...THOUGHT YOU MIGHT...

MY MISTAKE, I GUESS.

So, that's what it's come to...already. How easily they turn on their own.

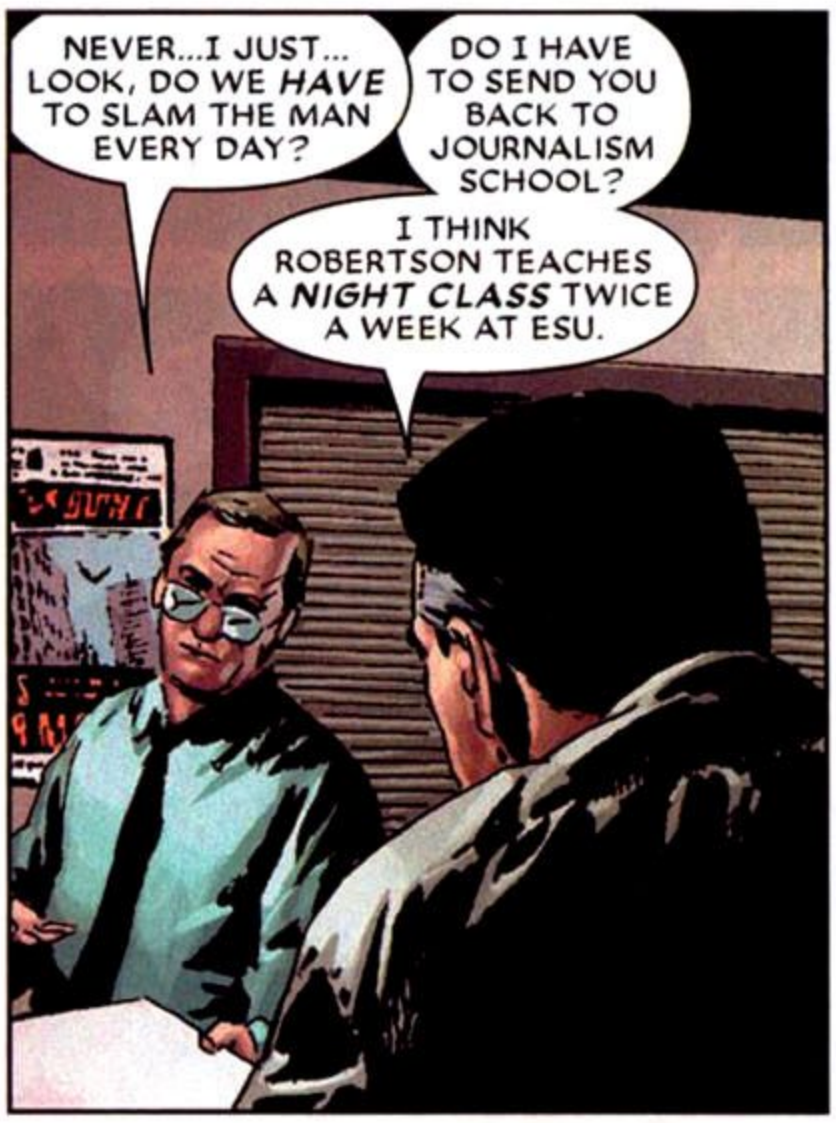
They're right to be afraid.


FEDS TO INVESTIGATE BOGART
Scandals Loom As Schedules Fall Behind
DAILY BUGLE
IS MURDOCK RESPONSIBLE?
IS THIS REALLY WHAT YOU WANT TO GO WITH, JONAH?

I MEAN, THERE'S ABSOLUTELY NO PROOF THAT MATT HAS ANYTHING TO DO WITH WHAT'S GOING ON AT RYKERS.
THAT'S WHY IT'S A QUESTION, URICH.
NOT A STATEMENT OF FACT.

YEAH, I GET THAT... I JUST...
IT FEELS A BIT SLANTED.

AND SINCE WHEN EXACTLY HAVE I CONSULTED YOU ON HEADLINES?


NEVER...I JUST... LOOK, DO WE HAVE TO SLAM THE MAN EVERY DAY?
DO I HAVE TO SEND YOU BACK TO JOURNALISM SCHOOL?
I THINK ROBERTSON TEACHES A NIGHT CLASS TWICE A WEEK AT ESU.

WE ARE IN THE BUSINESS OF REPORTING THE NEWS AND SELLING PAPERS, URICH!
WE ARE NOT IN THE BUSINESS OF BEING NICE TO YOUR FRIENDS!
I KNOW THAT, JONAH... BELIEVE ME. I UNDERSTAND THAT.

BUT TRY TO REMEMBER WHAT *MATT MURDOCK* IS IN THE BUSINESS OF-- *SUING* PEOPLE.

AND NEWSPAPERS.

IT'S A *QUESTION*, URICH...*AND* I RAN IT BY *LEGAL*.

NOW GET THE *HELL* OUT OF MY *OFFICE!*

ANY LUCK?

WHAT DO *YOU* THINK, KAT?

I THINK *NO*.

THAT'S YOUR REPORTER'S INSTINCT KICKING IN.

BZZT BZZT

URICH.

BEN, IT'S DAKOTA. I MIGHT HAVE A LEAD...

YOU'RE *KIDDING?*

I LOVE YOU.

JOIN MY FAN-LISTING, PERV.

LOOK, I DON'T KNOW HOW GOOD THIS IS...

...BUT AT THE *VERY* LEAST, I GOT YOU SOME NEW PICTURES OF THIS SUPPOSED *DAREDEVIL*...

I find C.O. McHenry just after dinner.

I follow his voice through the walls until he turns down the long corridor that leads to the machine shop.

Then I put out the lights...

KSSH

HEY--

...And all the walls this place has between prisoner and guard fall to pieces.

--HEY! WAIT!

YOU WALKED ME INTO A TRAP, ON THE SAME DAY ANOTHER GUARD GOT MY FRIEND KILLED...

WHY? HOW MUCH DID THEY PAY YOU?

WAIT-- IT'S *NOT* WHAT YOU THINK--

I DIDN'T *KNOW*...I JUST-- I THOUGHT THEY JUST WANTED TO *TALK* TO YOU.

NO ONE SAID *ANYTHING* ABOUT A *BEAT-DOWN.*

I JUST-- I GOTTA SURVIVE HERE *EVERY DAY*, Y'KNOW? AND I GOT *KIDS*, MAN...

I MEAN... THEY ALMOST FRACTURED MY *SKULL*...

WHO *GOT* TO YOU? HAMMERHEAD?

YEAH... I MEAN, ONE OF HIS *GUYS*...

YOU *GOTTA* BELIEVE ME...I THOUGHT IT WAS JUST GONNA BE TALK.

He's telling the truth, but that doesn't help me.

HAMMERHEAD'S IN CELL BLOCK *A*.

HOW DO I GET IN THERE WITHOUT BEING SEEN ON VIDEO?

YOU--*YOU'D* KNOW BETTER'N *ME*...THEY RENOVATED *A* BLOCK LAST YEAR...

GOT CAMERAS HIDDEN ALL OVER. MOSTLY TO PROTECT *US*...

WHAT... UH...WHAT'RE YOU GONNA DO TO ME?

NOTHING... BUT I'LL GIVE YOU SOME ADVICE.

FIND A *NEW JOB*.

YOU *WON'T* BE ABLE TO SURVIVE AROUND HERE MUCH LONGER.

There are ways to get around video surveillance. Ways I know well.

But the art of being unseen requires slow movement... time that I just don't have.

Not with hourly bed-checks.

So I go with another method I know, instead. Getting suitable material from the guards' laundry room is easy enough.

Slipping out of this cell isn't much harder, now that I'm not behind solid steel.

And if a shadowy figure is seen sneaking around after lockdown...who's to say who it is?

That's the lawyer inside me...because I don't care if they know it's me.

As long as they can't prove it, they can't put me back in solitary...

Can't stop me from doing what I have to.

For Foggy.

THIS IS QUITE A SETUP, HAMMERHEAD...DO YOU GET *MAID SERVICE*, TOO?

MURDOCK.

NOT ANY MURDOCK *YOU'VE* EVER MET.

KRAK

UNH!

GO AHEAD AND YELL FOR THE *BULLS* IF YOU WANT.

THEY WORK FOR YOU, DON'T THEY?

LIKE I *NEED* HELP... RIGHT.

WELL, YOU WON'T GET ANY FROM THE *MEN* YOU HAD OUTSIDE.

THEY'RE OUT OF COMMISSION. PROBABLY FOR A FEW *WEEKS.*

YOU KNOW WHAT? AFTER I BEAT YOU DOWN...

...I'M GONNA SELL THE HONOR OF SHANKIN' YOU TO THE HIGHEST *BIDDER*...

RRRAAAAA!

I've fought Hammerhead before. He's tough as hell.

But he's no Wolverine.

He's no Bullseye.

He's just got the hardest head in the world.

KA-SSH!

So you just have to avoid it. And go for the softer places.

The places that really hurt.

Nerve clusters I learned about from my teacher.

And my enemies.

UNNHHH!

I know places where a sharp blow can paralyze a man.

Or make him feel like his body is on fire...and his eyes are hot coals inside his head.

AAGGHHH!

It's the kind of move Daredevil usually avoids...it's torture.

AAHHHH-- YOU SON OF A--

And I could make it so he can't scream...

...but I need him to talk.

WAS IT YOU?

WHA-- WHAT?

WHO PUT THE *HIT* ON MY LAWYER? YOU'RE *STUPID* ENOUGH...BUT IT DOESN'T FEEL LIKE YOU.

I DON'T... IT *WASN'T* ME...I DIDN'T EVEN *KNOW*...

YOU GOT ME PUT IN *SOLITARY*. SO I COULD *HEAR* IT ALL, BUT I WAS TRAPPED.

HEAR...*HEAR IT?* WH-WHAT ARE YOU-- *UNH*...

...GOD... MAKE IT STOP...

Damn it. He doesn't know about my heightened senses.

He's just another pawn.

...MAKE IT *STOP*...DAMN YOU...

WHO STABBED FOGGY NELSON?

I DON'T... DON'T KNOW. NOT ONE'A MY GUYS...

THEN WHO *PAID YOU* TO ATTACK ME?

GUY ON THE... THE OUTSIDE... USE'TA BE...A BAGMAN...

I WANT A *NAME*.

M-MURPHY...

IVAN MURPHY? WHAT IS HE, A RUSSIAN IRISH-MAN?
NAME SOUNDS A BIT FAMILIAR.
HE'S JUST SOME OLD DRUNK...
BEEN AROUND THE KITCHEN HIS WHOLE LIFE, HE CLAIMS.
OOP. HERE HE COMES. ANYONE YOU KNOW?
NOT RINGING ANY BELLS.
MISTER MURPHY. REMEMBER ME?
DAKOTA SUE... DRINKS TWENTY-YEAR-OLD SCOTCH AND ASKS A LOTTA QUESTIONS.
PRIVATE EYE YOU *WANT* WATCHIN' YOU.
LOOKS JUST AS FINE COMIN' AS GOIN'...COVER-GIRL WITH A--
THAT'S ENOUGH OF *THAT*, IVAN.
THIS IS MY FRIEND BEN URICH, FROM THE *DAILY BUGLE*.
TELL *HIM* WHAT YOU TOLD ME...ABOUT *DAREDEVIL*.
WHAT *ABOUT* 'IM?
ABOUT WHERE YOU GOT THE *PICTURES* I BOUGHT FROM YOU.
OH, *THAT*... YEAH.
KNOW A *LAWYER*... UPTOWN...GOT A *BUNCHA* THOSE. HE KNOWS DAREDEVIL.

REALLY? DO YOU THINK WE COULD MEET THIS LAWYER?
LOOKIN' FOR A LAWYER? SPIDER-MAN FINALLY *SUIN'* YOUR BUTTS?
YES, *THAT'S* RIGHT...HOW ABOUT A HUNDRED BUCKS FOR HIS *NAME?*
HUNDRED?
GOT HIS CARD HERE SOMEWHERE... WHERE DID I PUT THAT SONNOVA--
RIGHT. HERE IT IS.
ALTON LENNOX? NEVER HEARD OF HIM.
HE'S BIG TIME...*BIG TIME.* TRUST ME.
KEEP OUT OF THE RAIN, IVAN.
JUST BOUGHT ME A WARM SEAT 'TIL MORNIN', DAKOTA SUE...
SO... WHAT DO YOU THINK?
WHAT?
DRIVIN' IVAN.
THAT'S WHAT THEY CALLED HIM.
I THINK WE'RE BEING *SET UP.*
BY *THAT GUY?*
YEAH, WELL, A LONG TIME AGO...*WAAAY* BACK IN THE DAY... THAT *OLD DRUNK* USED TO WORK FOR THE *KINGPIN.*

Warden Cole isn't doing well... nervous tension. Acid reflux. High blood pressure.

--ABOUT TO PUSH MY PRISON OVER THE EDGE, MR. MURDOCK, AND I'D LIKE YOU TO STOP.

I'M AFRAID YOU'VE LOST ME, WARDEN. HOW AM I DOING THAT, EXACTLY?

IT WAS BAD ENOUGH BEFORE...THE GANGS, THE CORRUPTION, THE DRUGS...

BUT IT WAS MANAGEABLE.

SINCE YOUR MOVE TO ***GEN-POP***, I'VE HAD FIFTEEN PRISONERS SENT TO THE INFIRMARY WITH ***SERIOUS*** INJURIES.

AND I'M ***NOT*** INCLUDING HAMMERHEAD'S MEN, SINCE HE CLAIMED CREDIT FOR ***THAT*** HIMSELF.

WARDEN, YOU'RE NOT SUGGESTING-- I MEAN, I'M A ***BLIND MAN.***

WHO GETS ALONG FINE IN A PRISON.

THE GUARDS LOOK OUT FOR ME.

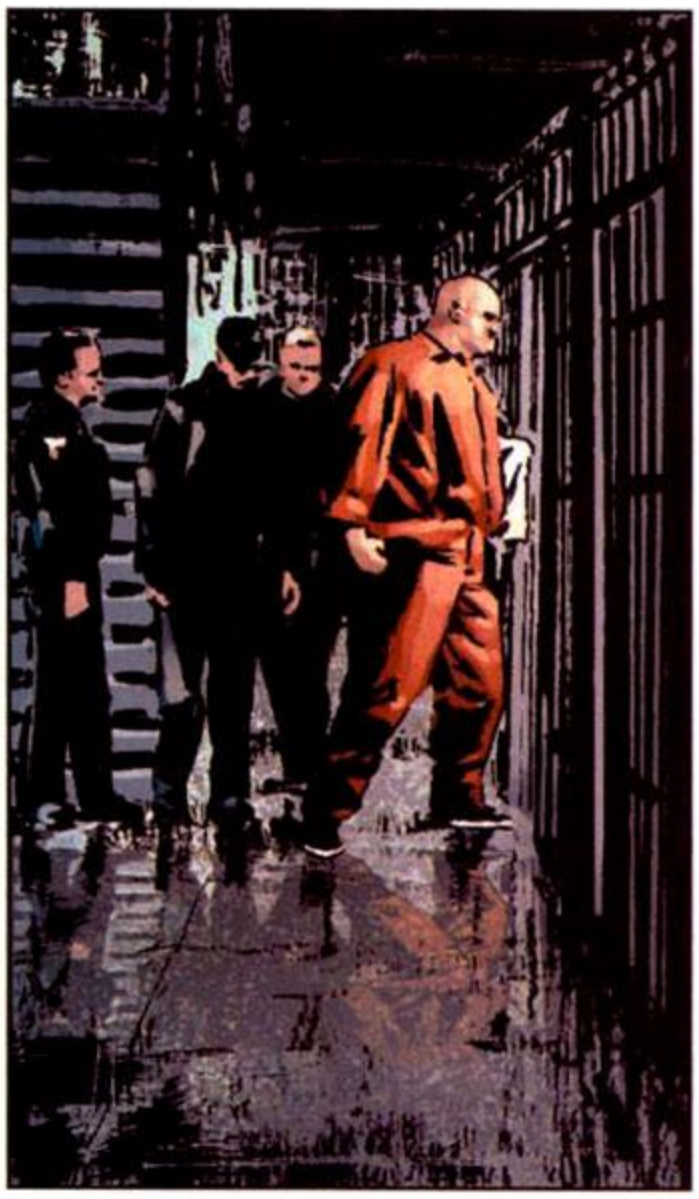
I DOUBT THAT ***VERY HIGHLY***, MR. MURDOCK.

LOOK, WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR FRIEND WAS A ***TRAGEDY***. ONE I TAKE RESPONSIBILITY FOR.

BUT I'M BEGGING ***YOU*** TO STOP THIS...

I'M GOING TO HAVE MY HANDS ***MORE THAN*** FULL AFTER TODAY WITHOUT YOU ADDING TO IT.

WHY? WHAT HAPPENS ***TODAY?***



IT'S...UH... IT'S GOOD TO HAVE YOU *BACK*, MISTER FISK.

YOU, UH...YOU AIN'T GONNA *KILL ME* NOW, ARE YA?

NOT AT *THIS* JUNCTURE, TURK.

YOU GOT MY *REPORTS,* RIGHT... PAID THAT C.O. LIKE YOU SAID, TO GET WORD IN.

YES. I GOT THE NEWS.

AND I KNOW ABOUT *BULLSEYE,* TOO.

THAT WAS-- I WOULDA TOLD YOU, BUT I HEARD YOU WAS COMIN' HOME TODAY.

HOME.

YES.

DO YOU KNOW HOW TO GET TO *D BLOCK,* TURK? WHICH GUARDS TO TALK TO?

YEAH, I--*YEAH.* WHY?

BECAUSE YOU'RE GOING TO DELIVER A *MESSAGE* FOR ME...TO MURDOCK.

WASHINGTON, D.C.

--AND I'M TELLING YOU, THE OVERSIGHT COMMITTEE IS ALREADY RUMBLING.

YOU SHOULD'VE ALLOWED MURDOCK BAIL, OR AT THE VERY LEAST, KEPT HIM IN PROTECTED CUSTODY.

IT'S *UNDER CONTROL*, DAVID... RELAX.

IT'S ANYTHING *BUT* UNDER CONTROL...

AND I THINK YOU'D BETTER START CALLING ME SENATOR ENGEL AGAIN.

WHAT? HEY-- I *GOT* FISK...DON'T FORGET THAT.

AND I TOOK DOWN A GUY WHO'S BEEN MAKING US LOOK LIKE SCHMUCKS FOR *YEARS*... LAUGHING IN OUR FACES.

LET'S NOT FORGET THAT TO *MOST* OF NEW YORK, TO THE VOTERS, DAREDEVIL IS A HERO.

NOT SOMEONE THEY WANT TO SEE *MURDERED* IN A *PRISON* CELL.

IS THAT WHAT THIS IS ABOUT? *POLITICS?*

EVERYTHING IS ABOUT POLITICS. EVEN YOUR JOB, REMEMBER?

THAT'S A POLITICAL APPOINTMENT... AND NOT A *LIFETIME* ONE.

HEY...LET'S JUST TAKE A *BREATH* HERE, OKAY?

JUST *TRUST ME*...IT'S UNDER CONTROL.

IT'S A FEDERAL PRISON. WE *BOTH* KNOW THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS CONTROL IN A PLACE LIKE THAT...

NEW YORK CITY, THE LOWER EAST SIDE

DAILY BUGLE

RAMPAGE AT RYKERS

IS MURDOCK A MADMAN?

YOU NEED ANY CHANGE FROM THIS?

KEEP IT.

THANKS.

HEY, ARE YOU SOMEBODY? LIKE *FAMOUS*, I MEAN?

NO.

NYPD

--YOU BE HOLDIN' THAT $#@% BACK! YOU WANT ROCK!?

I'LL ROCK YOU SO HARD YOU--

KRRAK

ROVER G!

GET OUT OF THIS LIFE, OR YOU'LL DIE, TOO.

NO! NO! ROVER G! GET UP!

LIQUOR

FREEZE! DON'T YOU %?#SING MOVE, YOU PIECE OF--

LIQUOR

I SURRENDER.

TAKE ME AWAY.

OH...OH GOD...

OFFICER REQUESTS BACK-UP! REPEAT, I NEED BACKUP-- NOW!

TO BE CONTINUED...